

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Ten
Number Eleven

Maryknoll : OSSINING, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1916

Price 50 Cents a Year
Twelve Issues Yearly

THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the
fifteenth day of each month by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TERMS FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Ordinary Subscription—
In the U. S. 50 cents a year.
To foreign countries. 60 " " "
One Associate Subscription (entitling the
Ordinary Subscriber to privileges of
Membership in the Society)—
To any address, home or
foreign \$1.00 a year.
*Ten Subscriptions to one
address* 4.00 " "
*Fifty Subscriptions to one
address* 20.00 " "

MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY:

Yearly Associate, for the living or the
dead (if THE FIELD AFAR is not
desired) Fifty cents.
Perpetual Associate, for the living, to
continue after death. Fifty dollars.
Perpetual Memorial Associate, for the
dead Fifty dollars.
(A Perpetual Membership offering in-
cludes a continuous subscription to THE
FIELD AFAR.)

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP:

From Maryknoll and The Vénard—
Three hundred Masses a year;
A share in the daily prayers, Com-
muniions, sacrifices, and labors of all
engaged in this work;
Communions and rosaries every Friday
from our two communities.
From Benefactors, here and abroad—
Several thousand Communions offered
monthly and as many rosaries of-
fered each week for all members of
the Society.
From Missioners in the Field—
Three hundred Masses yearly;
Frequent Communions and prayers of
faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL : OSSINING P. O., N. Y.
THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of
the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary.
Checks and other payments may be
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

WE have learned from ex-
Governor Walsh that when
returning from his recent visit to
the Far East, he not only brought
back with him two young Filipinos
but also became interested in four
other Asiatic students, Chinese and
Filipino-Chinese, whom he met
while crossing the Pacific. These
were all bound for secular col-
leges, although some had been
reared in the Faith.

Under the ex-Governor's influ-
ence, two of the young men were
directed to Notre Dame Univer-
sity, and a third has, at this writ-
ing, yet to be placed in some
Catholic preparatory college. The
fourth, a pagan, entered the Uni-
versity of Chicago.



HEARD at a recent charity con-
vention: "Foreign missions!
We can find them in our back
yard."

The speaker doubtless referred
to some of our European brothers
who have moved into his locality
and who, as Europeans, are
foreigners and, as poor Catholics,
need to be missionized. Unfor-
tunately, however, the impression
was left that while there are such
individuals near us, we should not
look abroad for a field of evan-
gelization.

Again the old song—*charity be-
gins at home!* So it does, but
charity based on truly Catholic
principles reaches out, at least in
desire, beyond our back yards. A
converted China may yet stir up
the faith of fallen-away American
Catholics.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials	161-162
Comments	163
Tidings from India	164-165
An African Mail	166
Miss Donovan's Nephew	167-169
Recent Publications	169
Our Apostolic Delegate at Maryknoll	170-171
Ex-Governor Walsh's Visit	171
A New Priest-Recruit	172
Report from The Vénard	173
Gatherings	174-175
A Circle Page	176

NO ocean liner crosses the Pa-
cific from the western coast
of this continent that does not
carry one or more men repre-
senting American business inter-
ests. *Fine!*

It is good to note the ex-
pansion of trade, to feel that the
product of American labor and
brains is reaching out like a mighty
hand across the seas and bringing
back gold from the Orient to en-
rich the home land. *Fine!* We
like to see our country prosper, al-
though we may have our own
opinion on the values of adversity.

But should we not also be ex-
porting the sacred deposit of Di-
vine revelation, of which the
Catholic Church in America, as
elsewhere, is the custodian and
distributer? Why not? This is
the plan of our Founder, and it
includes a world-wide distribution.

Yet, as we sit writing here on
a railroad express-train, we are
trying to figure out just how many
agents the Catholic Church in all
America has sent across the Pacif-
ic to carry the Master's business
to the Far East. We know that
there is hardly a baker's dozen,

and we are working to change the number. Perhaps you who have not realized these facts, will co-operate with us.

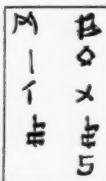
"For God sent not His Son into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him."—St. John iii. 17.

A REQUEST that we sent out recently to a large number of our subscribers, brought in a very encouraging list of 'prospects'—so considerable a list, in fact, that we ran short of sample copies. In thus returning the names of possible subscribers, our readers give evidence of a live interest, but especially striking is the earnest effort which some are making to spread our paper. Here, for example, is one who writes for fifty Maryknoll post-cards with which to notify the friends whose names were sent.

THERE is a parish in the Springfield diocese whose pastor has for many years been especially interested in promoting the missionary spirit. He centres his activities in the school children, who are gradually becoming familiar with mission literature. Every month has its *Mission Day*, when the pupils offer pennies or nickels sacrificed for the purpose. One half of the money thus gathered is sent to a very worthy missioner in Burma; the other half reaches Maryknoll.

We are confident that some time, and soon, this parish will not be content with giving dollars to Maryknoll and the missions. It will have its representatives in both places.

"Permit me to say that you stand for a national duty, sternly obligatory on us all. The absence of this practical conviction, wherever found in our own ranks, indicates the want of a primary knowledge of our correspondence with Catholic faith. The cold shoulder presented to you by any within the fold, limits the meaning of the Crucifix to that of a piece of sculpture and, to this extent, is a turning of the back on Christ, the living God."—A Lowell (Mass.) Subscriber.



FROM Advent to Christmas is a brief and fleeting period, one of preparation and anticipation that means trouble or joy, and sometimes both. What of that little mite box up on the shelf? We have no Salvation Army lassies to stand on the street corners for us, and we must depend upon *Johnny Mite Box* to catch some of your spare change.

On the subject of mite boxes we have lately had some good letters, from which these are a few extracts:

I do not think I could do without my little box now.

I never knew before that there were so many pennies in a dollar.

I have had my mite box for two years. I never thought I could save so much in pennies, but this makes twenty-seven dollars in all.

I am sending for fifteen mite boxes for my Sunday School pupils. They say that if I provide each of them with a box, they will save all their pennies.

I gave up smoking and put a nickel in the mite box three or four times a day, to equal the amount I would spend for cigars. I had no idea I spent so much money in that way.

It is lots of fun to deny oneself little things and put the price of them in the mite box. In a few months I am going to collect from the seven boxes that I have out and then I'll send you a check. The amount may not be large, as we are so hard pressed here, but it will be given most cheerfully.

Last Christmas you sent me a little mission-collection box, which I placed where I could see it every time I shaved myself. The three small Chinese always watched my operation from their picture on the box and for their kind attention I gave them what would otherwise have gone to the barber. I am sending you the amount they have collected since last Christmas, and as they have promised to stay on the job, you will hear from them again.

NOVEMBER! One more month, with one more issue, and THE FIELD AFAR will have reached the completion of its tenth year. Nothing can please us more than to receive from any one of our readers, in view of this anniversary, a new subscription. It may be solicited or it may come as a Christmas gift to somebody whom you would remember, but we have reason to believe that it will bring to the great cause which our paper represents, one more friend.

THE FIELD AFAR.

- ¶ Children actually cry for it.
- ¶ Babies 'eat it up.'
- ¶ In the schools it inspires teachers and pupils.
- ¶ It is used for reading, composition, and geography lessons.
- ¶ At the sentimental age it is as welcome as a story and of course it does more good.
- ¶ Tender-hearted people weep over it.
- ¶ It makes the cold warm.
- ¶ It respects the feelings of its readers—also their purses.
- ¶ It provokes a smile while it stirs thought.
- ¶ Priests are its best friends.

"To the only God our Saviour through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory and magnificence, empire and power, before all ages, and now, and for all ages of ages. Amen."—St. Jude i. 25.

Just as I was folding this letter, the thought came to me that if, after preaching a little sermon on foreign missions, I could distribute among my parishioners four or five hundred mite boxes similar to the one you sent me, and then after a month collect them, something ought to be realized on the experiment. I am sure it will pay and will at the same time help to spread the mission spirit.

Please send me eight hundred prints like the one enclosed. (A New Jersey Priest.)

Comments.

A JESUIT professor writing from Spokane, Washington, asks for information about Maryknoll, to be used in a student's essay on "America's Duty to the Foreign Missions."

On that Christmas gift we can easily hold your order until a few days before the great feast. See our list on page 165.

Among several papers in Boston *The Republic* has been exceptionally interested in chronicling the progress of Maryknoll, the National Seminary for Foreign Missions. We are grateful for this courtesy and we appreciate the Catholic spirit that prompts it.

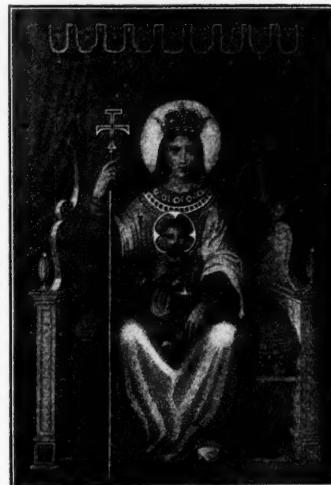
A missionary bishop writes of the life of Blessed Theophane Vénard (*A Modern Martyr*):

I am sorry I didn't get hold of this book years ago. I know I should have been a better man and a better missionary if I had read it earlier in my life. You could not have proposed to your young apostles a more worthy example to imitate, from the hour they enter the preparatory seminary until they draw their last breath in some far-off heathen land.

"How are the *new subscriptions* coming on?" writes a Maryknoll 'rooter,' and the strange thing about his request is the fact that, while he is sincerely enthusiastic, this 'rooter' has never sent us the name of even a 'possible.'

Well, of course we did not have the bad grace to tell our correspondent all this to his face. He can read it now just as well and smile over it. But we shall be considerably encouraged if every enthusiastic reader will 'do a little turn' for us. We would rather keep the circulation of our paper in the hands of friends than pass it over to irresponsible strangers.

We usually get what we give. "What help have I ever given to the Suffering Souls—even to my own relatives and friends?" The question is worth asking.



OUR LADY OF MERCY.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Your thought for those now detained in Purgatory may bring release to you through the thought of others. This is worth considering.

We learn from a Massachusetts correspondent that two Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, whose mother-house is at Outremont, Canada, have returned from the Canton mission to work among the Chinese in Montreal. It is believed that the Sisters' knowledge of the Chinese language will enable them to accomplish great good in the school-room and in their visits to the people's homes.

Month of the Souls! They suffer but they pray—and God hears them. They may no longer help themselves but their petitions in favor of others are acceptable to the Divine Mercy.

One per cent. of all November gifts will be sent to needy missionaries as our sacrifice-offering for the Souls in Purgatory. May they in return win graces for Maryknoll and The Vénard, a needy mother and a dependent child!

Our Missioner-Delegate.

RELATING to the faculty at Maryknoll some of his experiences as a missioner in China, His Excellency Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate, spoke very highly of the politeness and consideration which the Chinese manifest from an early age.

When on visitations in China, Fr. Bonzano's meals were taken, as a rule, in presence of a respectful group of the faithful, who honored him by leaving their happy homes to watch him eat. The food was cooked by different families in turn—an operation which, His Excellency now remarks, did not help his digestive organs materially.

On one occasion he found before him a fat chicken, into which, for the satisfaction of all the spectators, he was supposed to make as considerable an inroad as his appetite would allow. Denting the animal with his fork (or perhaps he used chop-sticks), he properly introduced a well-sharpened knife, when—horrors! As the slit advanced, Fr. Bonzano discovered that the bird *had not been dressed*. His Excellency told us that he was not obliged to partake of the mess.

Our guest said that his support during his missionary career came from the Chinese themselves. His catechists visited the Catholic families regularly and gathered from them a self-imposed tax, which, in view of their means, was most creditable.

Our Associates, living and dead, yearly or perpetual, receive the benefit of three hundred Masses annually from Maryknoll and The Vénard. On the mission field about three hundred more are offered, while here and there, throughout the world, thousands of Communions and tens of thousands of rosaries are added to the spiritual advantages open to all who are listed on the membership roll of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.



THE foreign mails, so far as allowed by torpedo-craft and other interferences, have since our last issue disgorged as follows:

AFRICA—Letter from Fr. MacLoone, Nagalama.

CHINA—Letters from Bishop Rayssac, Swatow; Fr. Arcaud, Chefoo; Fr. Robert, Hongkong. Letter and photographs from Fr. Williatte, Hinnyfu.

INDIA—Letters from Bishop Jouain, Jáfina; Fr. Arokiam, Vellantangal; Fr. Blachot, Jaffna; Fr. Grand, Phirangipuram; Fr. Merkes, Madras; Fr. Morin, Wellington; Fr. Petit, Kodiveri; Fr. Puthua, Kandy. Letter and photographs from Archbishop Aelen, Madras. Promises of a Mass for our Society and its benefactors from Fr. Arokiam, Vellantangal; Fr. M. Dominique, Irundal; Fr. M. Lavy, Theyl; Fr. Petit, Kodiveri.

INDO-CHINA—Letter from Very Rev. Fr. Cethonay, Lang-Son.

OCEANIA—Letter from Fr. Guinard, Namosi. Letter and Mass promise from Fr. Clauer, Papua.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Letters from Fr. Laurence Rogan, Iloilo; Fr. Vanoverbergh, Bangar.

We are grateful for two copies of the Paris Seminary *Ordo*, one from Bishop Berlioz, of Japan, the other from the Hongkong Press.

INDIA.

Msgr. Merkes, Vicar-General of Madras, who two years ago made a brief visit to the United States, writes that four German and Austrian priests of the arch-diocese have been sent back to the fatherland and two others allowed to stay.

A recent mention of our white horse, *Bill*, now in parts unknown, has reminded Fr. Merkes of this story about one of *Bill's* cousins in India:

The horse belonged to a Brahmin. It was white, a favorite color among Hindus, and had very good marks—another point to its credit, for if the marks are not good, they forbode all kinds of evil to the owner. But the animal was old and my Brahmin friend wished to get rid of it. He could not kill it, for that would have amounted to a crime, and he did not wish to sell



FR. J. AELEN, JR., AND TWO OF HIS LAMBS.
(Fr. Aelen is the artist-photographer among the missionaries of India.)

it, because he feared it might fall into the hands of a cruel master. So he presented the beast to me, and as I had no need of it, I gave it to one of my confrères, who used it on his missionary tours.

Not long afterwards the Brahmin fell sick. I heard of his illness but did not pay special attention to it until one fine morning when the man's eldest son came to see me and asked for the return of the old horse. He explained that, according to the discovery of an astrologer, his father's sickness was caused by the fact that he had parted with the faithful white horse, good marks and all, and given it to me, a pariah. I told the boy that I was sorry his father was ill but that I could not give back the horse, as it was no longer in my possession. Its present owner lived some distance away and the journey to his village was a difficult one. The young man took down the address and went off in great grief.

In the meantime the results of the high school examinations were published and the boy's name appeared in the 'slaughter of the innocents.' A Hindu priest was consulted and with many incantations and no small fee, the astute seer found out the cause of the student's failure—the lucky horse had been given to a pariah.

The youth's mind was now made up and he set out to find the horse and get it back. He accomplished the journey, but the priest-owner was not anxious to give up the animal. He declared that the boy's failure was due to his own bad marks and not to the horse's good ones. Finally the son returned disconsolate.

The Brahmin priest, however, threatened all kinds of misfortune and soon a second journey was undertaken. The missioner, taking pity on the young man, said that he would give back the horse but that the price of

the saddle, which the Father himself had bought, must be refunded. The boy remonstrated and then began to haggle, but the missioner remained firm and once more the student returned without the horse.

The father's condition now grew worse and in a few days he died. The boy resolved to study a little harder and try his luck at the next examinations. And the old white horse? The missioner used it for a couple of years longer and then gave it to an orthodox Brahmin who kept a *panjrapole*, i. e., a home for antiquated horses with lucky marks. My friend could not have thought of this institution when he turned over the animal to me—or was he afraid of the monthly fee which would have been charged in his case?

Over in Nellore, Fr. Aelen is working away, harder than ever, and occasionally, by way of recreation, taking pictures. He sent us some 'winners' lately, and with them this letter:

We rejoice that Maryknoll is doing so well, and pray that God may bless it more and more. We are looking out for the day when you will send your first priests to the East.

I am glad to say that here, notwithstanding more work and less help, we are getting on fairly well. Last year I had a little over one hundred converts and this year, too, the record is good.

Yesterday four families handed in their names for instruction. It happened in the following way. A rather influential heathen, who was convinced of the truth of our religion but, like many others, was always 'too busy' to learn the prayers, became suddenly very ill. I was called at once, and as he knew a good deal of our faith, after a short instruction I baptized him. His relatives were so much

struck by his resignation after baptism, they admired so much the giving of Extreme Unction, and they were so pleased with the Christian burial, that they resolved immediately to embrace our religion.

God's ways are wonderful. We had hoped that this man, when baptized, would use his influence to bring his relatives into the Church, but Our Lord arranged that he did so after his death.

From the Loretto nuns of Kentucky we have received news of the death of Fr. Constant. This devoted missioner was a nephew of the saintly Fr. Nerinckx, pioneer apostle in Kentucky and founder of the Sisters of Loretto. Not long before his death Fr. Constant wrote us the following letter:

In a recent number of *THE FIELD AFAR* I noticed: "Wanted for India-Catholic Encyclopedia." Some of the young aspirants at Maryknoll may have been scandalized by the fact that a missioner was begging for the luxury of an encyclopedia. Fancy needing encyclopedias in the desert, to teach people who don't know even the most elementary use of fork and spoon!

When, years ago, I was at my studies, I always wished to find out what was really expected of a missioner. One old priest told me to stick to Holy Scripture and another said that dogmatics should be mastered most thoroughly. I tried to follow the advice, and during holidays I laid hands on many other things—carpentry, painting, drawing, bookbinding, etc. And after a few years' experience I learned that nothing was useless. From the humble handicraft of our free days to the most theoretical questions of philosophy and theology, everything was found to serve its purpose.

Here in India we have three very distinct enemies to battle with:

1. Mohammedan divines, who are very well-read men and may put our exegetical and theoretical knowledge to a severe test;

2. Hindu eclectics, who talk a good deal of philosophical nonsense, with a light sprinkling of real discussion;

3. Protestants, who with high-sounding words bring up again all the exploded myths against Catholicism.

Many a time I have had to look up my old copy-books and very often these friends of former days have proved incomplete. Questions arise here that are scarcely thought of in Europe, and a priest is expected to be prepared for anything and able to answer every inquirer.

CHINA.

Fr. Morel of Tientsin tells us that we can render him a very great service by putting him in touch with some paper-house in this country that will supply him, "at the best possible price" (for him), with stock for his daily paper—*Social Welfare*. He would buy about 15,000 reams a year. Any one interested may communicate directly with Rev. L. Morel, Si-Kai Catholic Mission, Tientsin, China.

News from the front—the Chinese front—has been sent to us by a missioner in South China:

The troubles in Canton are increasing and the city has been terror-stricken since last July. Shells and bullets are raining here and there, but the danger is not excessive.

In Tungkung last week there was a fight which lasted during the whole night. Yet though about 30,000 rounds were shot, only a few civilians were killed or wounded. The Chinese soldiers are not very anxious to kill, but persons may be killed by accident.

The six Sisters from the leper hospital are in Hongkong. That city is full of Chinese refugees—about 200,000—and is quite congested.

Another missionary correspondent says:

As I write this letter, I hear the booming of cannon. The Independents are trying to take possession of Canton and are besieging it from several sides. Already the struggle has lasted for a fortnight.

Canton seems strong enough to resist these attacks, but in China one cannot be sure of anything, for soldiers and generals are at the service of the one who can pay them best. We all rest secure, however, under the protection of God, and the Sisters, too, are full of courage and confidence. Our difficulty at present is that, as outside communications have been cut off, provisions have greatly increased in price.

This message of good-will came to us recently from Bishop Aguirre, O.P., of Fokien:

I rejoice that there has been founded in the United States a Seminary for the training of Catholic missioners, who, coming to China and other parts of the Far East, may bring the light of faith to many millions now sitting

At the Sign of the Sale Table.

On hand at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y., and for sale at these prices *prepaid*:

PUBLISHED AT MARYKNOLL

The Field Afar	{ Ordinary \$.50 Associate 1.00
(One year's subscription)	
<i>Thoughts from Modern Martyrs</i>	.35
<i>A Modern Martyr</i> (Life of Bl. Theophane Vénard).....	.60
<i>Stories from The Field Afar</i>60
<i>Field Afar Tales</i>60
<i>An American Missionary</i> (Fr. Judge, S.J., in Alaska).....	.60
<i>Life of Just de Bretenières</i>60
<i>Theophane Vénard</i> (in French).....	.60
<i>Pierre Chanel</i> (in French).....	.60

OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS

<i>Our Lord's Last Will</i>	\$.70
<i>The Workers are Few</i>	1.00
<i>The Church in Many Lands</i>	1.00
<i>Yonder</i> ?	1.40

<i>Prayer Prints</i>	100 for \$.25
<i>Post-Cards of Maryknoll and the Missions</i>	100 for .50
<i>Maryknoll Sealing Stamps</i> 12 for	.10

<i>The Maryknoll Pin</i>	\$.25
--------------------------------	--------

<i>Statue of Bl. Theophane Vénard</i> (in old ivory or bronze).....	\$3.00
--	--------

Address: **The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll : : Ossining, N. Y.**

in the darkness of infidelity. Here in China there are many Protestant missionaries from the United States, and it is to be regretted that the Catholic representation is so small. Are Protestants "wiser than the children of light?"

Through your Seminary, Divine Providence is opening a door in America just as the one in Europe has been closed. I earnestly pray that God may bless your labors and that you may soon be able to send to the Far East many apostles filled with the love and spirit of Jesus Christ.

Sr. Bernardine, of Chefoo, has written us about some of the peaceful conquests that make up the daily life of a missionary nun:

Our house, hospital, orphanage, and nursery are simply packed. Newcomers are arriving constantly and each has his own tale of misery.

This afternoon we were asked to receive a girl of twelve whose mother was in prison and whose father had deserted the family. This morning four children were brought in. Yesterday we made room for an infant found in the street.

Of course good will come out of all this suffering, for God will reign in the souls of many who otherwise might not have known Him. Just now we had the happiness of baptizing a young boy who had fallen down a cliff and broken his skull. His parents promised that if he got better, he should practice our religion, but he cannot live. May God give the grace of faith to his father and mother!

More than two hundred attend our dispensary every day and we take this opportunity to explain the teaching of the Catholic Church. One poor beggar who had been coming for a long time, understood the faith very well, and whenever he found any one dangerously ill, he would let us know so that the sick person might be instructed and baptized. We used to say to him, "Why do you yourself not become a Christian?" But he would reply, "Just wait a little while. I will be baptized before I die." Fortunately he was able to fulfill his word. A few weeks ago he was taken sick and brought to the hospital. He wished now to receive baptism, and as he was already instructed, the priest administered the sacrament without delay. A short time afterwards this new Christian made his First Communion, was confirmed, and anointed. Then he took his flight to Heaven, where I trust he will pray for us all.

AFRICA.

Fr. MacLoone writes that he has been enjoying a vacation of the *Peter Rogan* variety. He says Bishop Biermans was so kind and generous to him in his illness that he is almost thinking of getting sick again in order to show his appreciation. We wonder if this was the reason for Fr. Peter's second attack.

If you have been in the habit of picturing Africa as a flat, burning desert, you will be interested in these few words from Fr. Terhorst about its mountains:

The country here is very mountainous and we get plenty of fresh air. But it did not take us long to find out that neither men nor missions live by air alone. I often wonder whether the mountains are responsible for the low temperature in our money-bag. They seem, on the other hand, to have an elevating influence on the people, for our spiritual work is making good progress.

Good Bishop Biermans, as he

'pedals' his way through the wilds of Africa, must look back with real pleasure upon his rides in our late 'Tin Lizzie.' Of a recent trip he writes:

I have returned from a confirmation and visitation tour. I administered confirmation to about 2,600 people. The journey, on my 'push-bike,' was not an agreeable one, for the rains were still on and I got many a wetting. At times I had to wade through water up to my hips. What a pity that some one wasn't there to take a snap shot of me! It would surely have been an amusing picture.

I am glad to say I don't feel any the worse for all this traveling under awkward circumstances. Since I came back to Africa last January, I have covered 1,300 miles on my 'push-bike,' and before the year closes, I shall certainly double that figure.

The youngest station of Bishop Biermans' extensive vicariate has 40 Catholics out of a population of 300,000 people. Fr. Damen writes of the work there:

Our principal task for the present is to make known to the natives that a Catholic mission has been opened and to get the chiefs to build catechumens, or places where instruction may be given. When we started out last January, we had only four of these catechumens, but now, thanks be to God, we count ten in good working order. Yet what would even a hundred be in such a vast country?

Just now I am on a missionary journey and have visited several places where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had never before been offered. Protestant denominations have a strong following here and Mohammedanism is also powerful. Is it any wonder, then, that I ask American Catholics to pray for this mission?

Fr. Michael Nevin, who is digging away at the foundations of a new mission somewhere in British East Africa, writes:

A heaven-sent inspiration is THE FIELD AFAR. It saves doctor's bills, keeps a fellow from getting a dose of the blues, and above all preserves a curate's appetite—and a new curate, mind you, at that. I told you how it would be. When I had no FIELD AFAR, my curate began to pine for his favorite dish and accordingly got fever. Therefore, or as the theologians say, *ergo*, I had to look up a mission that received the Maryknoll tonic and there I sent him to take it to his heart's delight.

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

I have forgotten what I wrote last time. If I happen to repeat it, you will know that it has run into its second edition as the first sold well. Just like my unpaid bills! Some of those have reached their fourth or fifth edition. If anybody wants a copy, I don't mind obliging him, but not all together now! That's the worst with us Irishmen; we are so generous, especially when it is a question of parting with unpaid bills. Yet "the best of friends must part," as Pat said when he had to sell his old donkey to pay the rent. The donkey, so history records, had been a family heirloom.

Of course I have plenty of troubles. They say an Irishman is not happy without them, and, faith, I am keeping up the noble traditions of my race. Take those editions of unpaid bills! Why do people throw away good paper for nothing? I wanted only one copy as a keepsake. The natives are always asking me for cloth, and, 'pon my word, if they ask again, I'll give them those unpaid editions!



A MISSION BETHLEHEM IN AFRICA.
(Photo sent by Fr. Witlox.)

Miss Donovan's Nephew.

By Florence Gilmore.



EARY and impatient, Miss Donovan went to the door and peered up and down the street, looking in vain for her nephew. Children scurried by, hungry for their supper; men passed, hurrying homeward after their day's work; laughing factory girls, forgetting how tired they were, loitered along in noisy groups, planning the evening's pleasures. One of the men, a neighbor, raised his hat to Miss Donovan.

"Watching for John? Well, boys do forget how time flies," he said.

"He's so heedless!" she complained. "He doesn't even know when he's hungry!"

"Oh, John's all right!" the man called back, in a tone of hearty approval.

He passed into his house and Miss Donovan continued her watch, feeling more vexed as minute after minute went by and John did not appear. She glanced at the clock in the church tower, saw that it was half past six, and realized suddenly that she had not yet said the *Angelus*. Down on her knees she dropped, just inside the screen-door, and murmured the prayers as slowly as usual, but far less fervently.

"Where is that boy?" she muttered, before she had half finished her Sign of the Cross. "He gets more heedless every day that he lives. Our supper won't be fit to eat, and if I'm late for the sermon—"

Frowning, she went to the

kitchen and, fearing that the meat would burn, lowered her oven-fire. She was watching a second time at the door before John came in sight, swinging along at a brisk pace which, in a person of his leisurely habits, could mean only that a guilty conscience was fore-stalling her as accuser.

Miss Donovan was seated at the table by the time he reached the dining-room—a tall, thin, rather awkward lad, with bright eyes and a laughing face. "You're late again," she said reproachfully. "It's a quarter before seven—no, only ten minutes—and I told you supper would be at six. The meat is overdone; so are the potatoes—and I shall be late for church."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Ellen; honestly, I am. I couldn't help being late this time. I—was detained," John answered apologetically. But he did not seem to realize the enormity of his offense as keenly as did Miss Donovan.

"And you were late at noon," his aunt went on, not at all mollified, "and twice last week, and once the week before." While she waited for him, she had fed her irritation by reminding herself of John's past transgressions.

"We went fishing this morning, Bob and Jack and I, and somehow we forgot all about the time," he explained. Then, not unwilling to change the subject, he said heartily, "This meat is fine, if it is a little overdone, and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"I'll be late for the sermon," Miss Donovan complained, disappointed that the meat was fit to eat, but determined to insist strongly on the grievance which remained to her. John made no reply, and she added, "I suppose

you're not going again. Don't be afraid I'll beg you to. I did coax you last night, but now you have heard Fr. Collet for yourself, and if you don't want to hear him again—well, I haven't a word to say, except that boys are strange creatures, and I don't understand them and never will." The last two assertions were undoubtedly true.

Still John said nothing. Apparently his one thought was to appease his hunger. Miss Donovan hated silence above all things, and after a moment she rambled on: "Fr. Collet says that nearly all the people in India and in China are pagans. It's strange, isn't it? They have floods in China; and they eat quantities of rice. I wish you liked rice. And it's terribly hot in India, and the snakes—scorpions, I think he calls them—are awful. I hate snakes. Did you know that it is so hot there?"

"I had heard before that it is pretty warm," John answered, between bites; and his aunt marvelled at his indifference.

"But you don't mind heat," she said, feeling about for an explanation. "If you suffered as I do whenever the thermometer—"

"No, I don't mind it. It's never too hot for me," he said. "It's fortunate that I feel it so little."

"Oh yes, and the martyrs!" Miss Donovan exclaimed, jumping suddenly to another phase of the subject, as she was apt to do. "Was it last night Father spoke of the martyrs? I've forgotten their queer names, though one reminded me of Henry and a door. I couldn't sleep for thinking of all they suffered—and now they're in

Heaven, and it all seems like a dream to them. I wonder what Heaven is like."

Miss Donovan poured a third cup of tea for herself. She had not yet entirely forgiven John, and resuming her tone of complaint, she said, "The tea is too strong—and you haven't said yet how you liked last night's instruction."

"Haven't I? Why, Fr. Collet is a good talker—but I knew that before I went," John replied.

"I'm going to give twenty-five dollars for his mission. I'll have to skimp for weeks to get even, but I shan't mind that. His stories about those queer, far-away places just haunt me. It's so sad about the poor people, and the missionaries' lives are so hard. Last night"—and her thin lips trembled—"last night I thought I wouldn't go to hear this last sermon. What's the use, I said to myself, what's the use of getting all worked up—and I with so little to give, and no other way of helping? But I—I'm going. I'm sure I don't know why."

John, forgetting his supper, looked into her thin, tired, old face, his own far more serious than usual, but he said nothing.

"You'll laugh at me, John, but I can't help wishing *you* would give something to the cause. It would bring a blessing upon you, and you young men are so heedless. Unless Heaven takes very special care of you, I don't see how you're ever going to amount to anything. Now, won't you make some little offering?"

John answered quickly, not looking at his aunt, "There's something else I want money for just now, Aunt Ellen. I was

going to ask if you wouldn't advance me five dollars on my next allowance. I want—you see, I want to ask the fellows, Jack and Tom and Carl, to go to Lakeside for a day's fishing—my treat. We

I'll never ask anything like this again. You don't know how much I'd like to do it. I was planning it all, as I hurried home just now."

"Oh yes, you hurried very fast!" Miss Donovan retorted quickly, having only that minute discovered that her toast was harder than she liked it.

John ignored the rebuke. "I thought we'd go on Wednesday, if you will lend me the money—leave here early and get back about half past nine in the evening."

"At half past nine! Evening? Night, you mean," she interjected.

"You see, Jack is going West soon to help his brother on their ranch, and—we're all growing up. We may never have a whole day together again."

Miss Donovan was touched. She always found it hard to be stony-hearted for long; besides, she had never learned to refuse John anything she did not think wrong. "Oh, I suppose you may have the five dollars, but the missions, John! You're a Catholic, as well as I. I've tried hard to make you a good one. Aren't you willing to do anything to help? Now those five dollars, or even half that much—"

John's face flushed. He looked miserably embarrassed. "But Aunt Ellen," he began, nervously to explain, as he knew he must do sooner or later, and the sooner the better, "I do want that money to give the fellows a good treat, but I—I'm not forgetting all about the missions. I'm willing to give something, but it isn't just that. I've been to see Fr. Collet. That was what kept me at supper-time. He says—he says, Aunt Ellen, he thinks



H. Doree
Beheaded for the Faith in Corea.

March 8, 1866

could start at daybreak and have a good long day, and get dinner and supper at the hotel. There's a dandy hotel there. I have some money, but I'd need about five dollars more. I know you'll think it is foolish and extravagant, but—"

"Spend all that for pleasure, and the missions needing money as they do! And every one of you boys, Catholics, with good Catholic fathers and mothers—or aunts!" Miss Donovan exclaimed, horrified.

"Just this once, Aunt Ellen," he coaxed. "I give you my word

he can get me into the Foreign Mission Seminary. He's pretty sure he can. He's going to write to the rector to-night. I'm to go soon, and I'd like to have this one big outing with the boys first. You see, it will be the last time."

"John! Why, John!" Miss Donovan gasped, almost dumb in her amazement. "How—when—what ever put such an idea into your head?—And you so heedless!"

"I've been thinking about it for a long time; and then, it was Fr. Collet's sermons that finished me," he explained.

A hundred thoughts crowded into Miss Donovan's mind, a thousand questions to her lips, but John had bolted from the room and she could only weep hysterically behind her napkin.

"I always said he was the best boy in Lancaster," she sobbed—when or to whom she did not specify. "So pious," she added, with a fresh burst of tears, "though I didn't quite know it before."

* *

Recent Publications.

FIRESIDE MELODIES (Vol. III.) is the latest from the busy press of the Society of the Divine Word. It is a paper-covered (15c.) collection of twenty-five songs, including "Juanita," "Then You'll Remember Me," and other old-time favorites.

St. Michael's Almanac is published annually by the Society of the Divine Word, with the aim of fostering the mission spirit. The issue for 1917 contains a varied assortment of interesting and instructive matter. It sells for twenty cents.

A new book from the press of

the same Society is called *Heroes of the Mission Field*. It gives sketches of twelve among the martyrs of modern times, and its reading will prove both interesting and profitable. The collection includes an account of Blessed John Cornay, whose history, as readers of *A Modern Martyr* will recall, inspired Blessed Theophane Vénard, when only nine years old, to cry out, "And I, too, will go to Tong-king, and I, too, will be a martyr!" *Heroes of the Mission Field* sells for fifty cents.

To the Editor of *St. Joseph's Sheaf*, Donnybrook, Ireland, we owe several copies of a pamphlet written by our friend Fr. Edward J. Galvin, once of Brooklyn, later of Chu-chow (a 'sneezy' city in China). The booklet is entitled *Adventures on the Chinese Mission* and we will spare you one if you are interested.

Gabriel Lalemant
Charles Garnier
Anthony Daniel
John de Brébeuf

Three of these were victims of the Iroquois and all were pioneer priests in North America. If you wish to read in pamphlet form brief, interesting sketches of their lives, we will send them to you or you may order them from the *Canadian Messenger*, Montreal, Canada. Price five cents each.

Get it off your mind. We can help you to settle that question of a Christmas gift for Mary or John. See the list on page 165.

The Unity Publishing Co., of Grand Junction, Iowa, has recently produced *The Christian Historic Witness*, by Rev. J. Pheilan. This pamphlet proves in a novel way—by means of a supposed dialogue between a Protestant missionary and a Chinese mandarin—that the Catholic Church is the one true Church of Christ. Catholics and non-Catholics will read it with interest. Copies may be had for five cents

**THOUGHTS
FROM MODERN MARTYRS**
Interesting, edifying and stimulating.
In cloth, 30 cents; postage 5 cents

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES
(*Bret-on-yair*)
The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.
Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

apiece or at lower rates in quantities.

It has been well said of Christian Science that it contains "some things which are new and some things which are true; but the things which are true are not new, and the things which are new are not true." Fr. Searle, C.S.P., verifies this statement in a timely work called *The Truth About Christian Science*, in which he discusses one by one the chapters of Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*. The book comes from the Paulist Press, New York, and sells for \$1.25, postage extra.

Registered letters do not, as a rule, get to our Knoll so expeditiously as does the ordinary mail. It is not that we are excessively democratic, but we live two miles from the post-office at Ossining and after the registry notification reaches us, we must wait till our next trip down and up—sometimes a day—before we receive the letter itself. Please remember that when we need a yeast-cake, it is not a question of sending Jimmy or Jack around the corner. The same is true of registered mail.

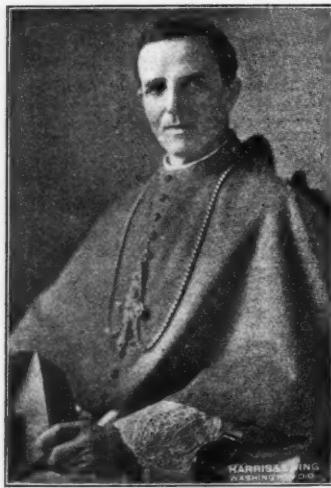
And again, don't register a single dollar-bill. You will surely lose ten cents.

"I have never read a foreign mission story," he said, and we answered that he was hardly to blame, because there are next to none in the English language.

HERE ARE TWO:
Stories from The Field Afar
(160 pages - - - 17 illustrations)
Field Afar Tales
(170 pages - - - 16 illustrations)
Each sells for sixty cents, postpaid.
Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

Distinguished Visitors.

ON a certain memorable day in October—the second, to be historically correct—His Excel-



THE MOST REV. JOHN BONZANO, ARCHBISHOP OF MILITENE, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

lency Archbishop Bonzano, our gracious Apostolic Delegate, honored us with a visit. He came by automobile from New York, where he had been staying as the guest of His Eminence Cardinal Farley. The weather was perfect. Here and there a glorious sunset had left its reflection on patches of woodland, but the lawns and trees were yet green and the Hudson was shiningly clear.

It was not a formal visit that His Excellency paid us and everybody tried to realize this. But when the representative of the Visible Head of Christ's Church enters one's home, the heart beats quicker for a while, and hence there was, in anticipation of the great event, something of a flutter at Maryknoll.

Then, again, on such occasions here—and probably

elsewhere—all is bound to go wrong until the last moment, when things may 'break beautifully.' That morning, for example, the pump was out of commission and we were out of water. There was a chill in the house, too, and we discovered that a portion of the heating system was not in its place. We have all kinds of mechanical talent at the Knoll, however, and there are tools and fittings enough to meet emergency calls.

His Excellency the Delegate arrived not long after noon and sat down to a homely meal with a homely faculty. (The word *homely* is to be understood in a favorable sense.) It was a proud day for *Brother Hennery Farmer* and his assistant, *Brother Chick*, because there was hardly an article of food on the table, except some olives and a misdirected sweet, that did not come from 'our farm.'

The faculty, a growingly respectable body, surrounded His Excellency, radiant in his presence. The students realized with laudable pride that they were dining with one who not only occupied an exalted post, but who had once been, like each of them, an aspirant apostle. We really be-

lieve, however, that no one of our seminarians dared to think that some day, after years of toil among pagan peoples, he would return to Maryknoll, crowned with any such ecclesiastical honors as those which this much-loved Delegate so humbly bears.

Of course our distinguished visitor had to 'say a few words.' Knowing that he was weary with speeches and other formalities incidental to his official duties, we had not warned him, but from the abundance of a priestly heart and out of a well-spring of missionary experiences there flowed a silver stream of wise counsel upon eager and ardent young souls, tempering them for battles that lie ahead on the fields beyond the seas.

Afterwards, in our priests' recreation-room (which measures 8 x 11 and provides sitting 'accommodation' for twelve, including two on the table), His Excellency familiarly recalled his life in China—his struggles with the language, his long and perilous journey to Shan-si, the affection of his people, their delicacy and politeness, and many strange customs of the country. It was all most interesting and inspiring, and we were anxious to have the session prolonged. But regard for our guest, who by this time was

wreathed in smoke of others' puffing, suggested a saunter in the open, along *Hennery Ave.* to the *Pork Compound* and other more or less attractive points.

St. Teresa's Convent and the FIELD AFAR Offices were not overlooked. The Teresian force was in full activity at the offices. The clicking of typewriters, multi-graphs, a stencil-machine, and other engines of mission propaganda stopped, however, as His Excellency entered. The Teresians made their obeisance quite properly, and a little Japanese lady who followed them, bowing profoundly, gave



HIS EXCELLENCY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT MARYKNOLL.

quite a surprise to our distinguished guest.

What pleased His Excellency most of all, we believe, was the simplicity of the Maryknoll buildings, without and within. May they be always simple, strong, and rugged, expressing the spirit of the work to be carried on here and abroad, and may the prayers of our readers keep this thought constant in all to-day at Maryknoll and The Vénard, and in those who soon will follow in their footsteps!

Three of our camera-tinkers had a chance to capture a prize picture on this occasion. None rose to the desired height, but each managed to get some result.

At the suggestion of *Brother Hennery*, who was urged to the attack, Archbishop Bonzano gave a holiday. He then added four to it and later extended all five to the Teresians.

Fr. Cashin, who is something like an extern member of our faculty, was with us and tried to inveigle His Excellency away from our woods and hills to the cell-blocks of Sing Sing. Time was hanging less heavily at Maryknoll, however, than on Fr. Cashin's 'students' down by the river, and the invitation to see that interesting establishment was deferred to the next visit. Then we shall try to be less selfish and allow the sunshine of a great and good man's presence to warm the chilled atmosphere of the most-talked-of prison on this topsy-turvy earth.

Archbishop Bonzano left Maryknoll towards five o'clock. He was pleased with his day and we were more than pleased with this memorable visit.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate came to us on a Monday, and a little over a week later we were honored by another kind of Excellency, or rather by an ex-Excellency. This was the much-esteemed recent Governor of Massachusetts, David I. Walsh.

Ex-Governor Walsh, we must

confess, did not come to Ossining expressly to see 'poor little us.' Ossining, it should be known, is no insignificant burgh. We ordinarily do not say much about it, because it is a village that speaks for itself in no uncertain terms, but the activities of its citizens may be well realized from the fact that they could draw to its heart so large a man as this Massachusetts statesman.

The ex-Governor visited Ossining to talk to its voters and Maryknoll was his haven before and after the event. This latter fact has placed us, in the eyes of the natives, on a loftier perch than Sunset Hill, which we have hitherto occupied. Maryknoll is now known as 'the place where he stayed.'

Ex-Governor Walsh arrived at the Knoll just in time to give a smokeless talk on his recent trip to the Orient, and the points which he emphasized were:

That the Far East is afame with a desire to know English;

That English-speaking missionaries should be provided as soon as possible;

That good American priests can at the present time, because of American prestige, render special service to the Catholic cause;

That if he were younger and inclined to the priesthood, he would enter at Maryknoll;

That work among the Chinese and Japanese must be intensely interesting;

That the physical hardships incidental to missionary labors in the Far East would not hinder even a rather delicate man from toiling in some, at least, of the mission districts in Eastern Asia.

During and after the evening meal, the faculty caught more of the ex-Governor's experiences, until the village reception committee came to escort him to the public square. There, from a platform newly built and smothered in bunting, he made a patriotic speech

"Our whole success is in the hand of God. Our only apprehension should be that of offending Him and of incurring the punishment ordained for the wicked. My hopes are incomparably great when I consider that God has made choice of such sinners as we are, for so high an employment as to carry the Gospel of Christ almost—I may say—to another world, to a nation branded with idolatry and given up to vice."—St. Francis Xavier.

that kept a large audience hot on a rather cold night and incidentally warmed the orator himself, who came back to sleep in peace on our quiet hill. We doubt if, in his recent travels, our honorable guest ever found a bedroom so quaintly frescoed as that which he occupied at Maryknoll.

As ex-Governor Walsh was about to leave, he heard an echo of his college days. There is only one Holy Cross graduate here, but he makes up, in some ways, for a dozen. At any event, the ex-Governor was honored with a lusty Holy Cross cheer that revived the memory of Fitton Field.



EX-GOVERNOR WALSH LEAVING THE KNOLL.

The superior was unfortunately in transit when Bishop Hickey, of Rochester, visited the Knoll one fine October afternoon, in company with Msgr. Evers and Fr. Wynne, S.J., of New York City, and two well-known laymen of Rochester. A large portion of the Teresian community was also absent, having gone out on an 'Elizabethan' ride. We believe, however, that the kindly Bishop left with a good idea of what Maryknoll is striving to accomplish, and we hope that he will come again and stay longer.

Since we are on the subject, we wish to mention the visit of three other well-known priests, the Very Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., recently appointed secretary to the Master-General of the Dominicans, Very Rev. E. S. Olsen, O.P., rector in Portland, Oregon, and the Very Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, C.S.P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D.C.

Fr. McNicholas is no stranger at Maryknoll, where he is looked upon as a near relative. Fr. Olsen was making his first bow to this work and he did it gracefully. Fr. O'Callaghan, who had never seen the place, entered as to the manner born and took possession without a struggle.

While stationed in Chicago, Fr. O'Callaghan was about the only citizen of that 'no mean city' who beamed upon us. (Others, we hasten to add, have since turned their kindly countenances in our direction.) He thinks that there are three most attractive Catholic periodicals in this country, all of which ought to be slapping one another on the back, namely, . . . (censored) . . . *far*.

The seminary faculty at Dunwoodie has shown us many courtesies. Nothing, however, has pleased us more than the visit, shortly after the term began, of Msgr. Chidwick and several of his staff.

The harvest is over at Maryknoll and a goodly crop was gathered into our barns. The fields were blessed in the spring-time and we thank the Divine Provider now.

We are pleased to note that some of our senior students are getting bald. During the past summer these young men, alarmed at their condition, were operated on with the horse-clipper or a similar instrument, yet the hair still continues to have a falling-out with the brain.

But why should we be pleased, you ask? First of all, because our future missionaries will have less on their minds and will be the freer to do much work. Then—and this is the more interesting reason—we have been told quite seriously that some of our European brethren who reside in China are rather shocked at the 'vanity' that prompts American priests to part their hair. (There is more than one way of splitting hairs.) It is comforting to feel that a certain number, at least, among our recruits will arouse no suspicion when they land—if they land—in China.

An unexpected addition to the Maryknoll faculty and to our young Society has been made in the person of Rev. Vincent A. Dever, of the Philadelphia archdiocese. Fr. Dever, an alumnus of Overbrook Seminary, is the

youngest of four brothers, all of whom are priests. One, the Rev. Daniel Dever, was formerly Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation in Washington.

Fr. Vincent Dever, who has been ordained fourteen years, resigned his parish recently and was received as an aspirant at Maryknoll on October 8th. While still remaining a priest of the Philadelphia archdiocese, he has been graciously released by Archbishop Prendergast, whose good-will towards this work has often been made manifest.

On our Vénard staff, which includes three priests and one lay professor, we are happy to have for this year the Rev. Patrick W. Browne. As a writer, teacher, and lecturer, Fr. Browne is well known in Newfoundland and the maritime provinces. He has also had considerable experience in parochial work and he delights as much in manual labor as he does in his literary occupations. Fr. Browne has not joined our ranks, but if he remains long at The Vénard, his influence may soon furnish Maryknoll with a galaxy of writers and an expert force of artisans.

"There are no words strong enough to express the necessity, the urgency of your foundation. Without being a prophet, one may affirm that the end of the twentieth century will see a magnificent development of the American Seminary."—Fr. Bultea, Japan.



"The fields were blessed in the spring-time and we thank the Divine Provider now."

The Vénard.



OUR treasurer at The Vénard nearly lost his balance when he discovered on the first of the month that his bills amounted to \$2,400, of which sum he had only the last three figures. He recovered, however, and sent a requisition to young Mother Maryknoll, who sighed and whispered softly, "That dear boy is beginning to know that it costs to exist."

We hasten to explain that not much of the amount above mentioned was expended on the personal needs of our family at Clark's Green, although that family now numbers about forty. At any event, the bills were paid, and after all that is the only use we have for money.

Of three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of Vénard land recently taken by friends, two hundred came from Brooklyn and one hundred from the son of an ex-Protestant minister in Massachusetts. The fifty was sent across the continent from California. Search-lights from afar are on Clark's Green.

FROM THE CHRONICLER.

Nil admirari (to be surprised at nothing) is the watchword at The Vénard. We have become the most blasé creatures. Formerly when things went wrong it meant another wrinkle, but now we are lonesome without such happenings. If the water-pump breaks down, or somebody throws a monkey-wrench into the machinery of the culinary department, it disconcerts us about as much as if you asked us the time of day. After all, things really

don't go wrong—not with God over all, as He is.

Light, heat, and water, the great triumvirate, have been playing will-o'-the-wisp with us for so long that we have adopted the policy of watchful waiting. In the meantime we have learned to live more than happily without these luxuries.

All the boys are members of the House and Grounds Committee, and as every one of them has his coat off, the place is fast getting into shape and promises a great Vénard School for some future day. *Horace* and horticulture—each in its place—receive equal consideration at the hands of this 'crowd,' and from early morn to dewy eve there are no idle moments.

You would hardly think that our boys would have sufficient energy enough left to tackle Bald Mountain, an ambitious walk at best, but they did, under the leadership of Professor Duffy. They went out like lions but they came back like bears, and only a rash man would have dared to state in the hearing of Professor Duffy that the walk was a foot under eighty-five miles.

So it goes. Taken all in all, we are in clover. God is good to us and we suspect the Scrantonians of having among them some of the kindest people we know. Conditions are not ideal, but we believe we are happier than if they were. He would surely need Diogenes' lantern, who went looking for a pessimist at The Vénard.

Here is our roster:

John Charles Murrett, Buffalo, N. Y.
William Augustine Fletcher, Fall River, Mass.
Francis Joseph Lyons, South Boston, Mass.
Joseph Peter McGinn, Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas Anthony O'Melia, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bertin Justinian Ashness, Malacca, Straits Settlements

John Joseph Considine, New Bedford, Mass.

Edward Francis Le Prele, Buffalo, N. Y.

Francis Joseph Winslow, Framingham, Mass.

John Cornelius Heemskerk, Hillegom Province, So. Holland
William David Power, Arlington, Mass.

George Byrne Kelly, Elmira, N. Y.

Joseph Otto Schmidt, Cleveland, Ohio

Angelo Romeo, Providence, R. I.

Leo Walter Sweeney, New Britain, Conn.

Philip Leo Bradley, Dorchester, Mass.

Joseph Harold Clifford, Fall River, Mass.

George Cornelius Powers, Lynn, Mass.

Alfred Joseph Lamereux, North Dartmouth, Mass.

Joseph Herman Bolan, New Britain, Conn.

Emanuel Stephen De Moura, New Bedford, Mass.

William Edward Walsh, Cumberland, Md.

William Francis Egan, New Britain, Conn.

Francis Bernard Doherty, Providence, R. I.

Robert Patrick Kennelly, Norwalk, Conn.

Thomas John Plunkett, Fall River, Mass.

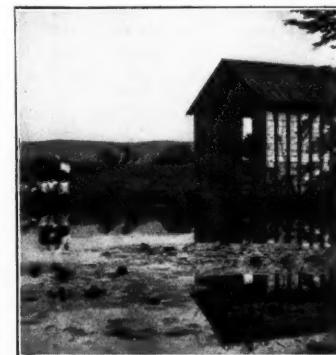
Arthur Davis, Boston, Mass.

Joseph Farnam, Baltimore, Md.

George Peloquin, Brockton, Mass.

(Clark's Green, Pa., Nov., 1916.)

Land for the Vénard School is selling at the rate of two feet for one cent—dirt cheap. You buy the land and the school keeps it for you. Send a dollar and experience the thrill of ownership that is worth while.



THE ICE-HOUSE READY FOR ITS WINTER CROP.

Gatherings.



CHARLES CHINK.

(This young soldier has been on the war-path and returned with the scalps of many delinquent subscribers. Some, who still keep their heads—and our subscription money—will recognize him.)

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
California	\$7.00	13
Colorado	2.00	1
Connecticut	17.16	75
District of Columbia	26.00	3
Florida		1
Georgia		2
Idaho	1.00	
Illinois	5.50	7
Indiana	1.00	5
Iowa	1.00	6
Kentucky		5
Louisiana	5.00	
Maine		1
Maryland	1.80	3
Massachusetts	575.95	130
Michigan		1
Minnesota	6.00	1
Missouri	50.18	3
Nebraska	26.00	
New Hampshire	1.77	1
New Jersey	227.00	12
New York	352.99	101
North Carolina		1
Ohio	16.42	2
Oklahoma	3.00	1
Pennsylvania	96.43	115
Rhode Island	15.00	9
South Dakota		1
Tennessee		1
Texas	3.00	5
Virginia	12.60	
Washington		2
West Virginia		2
Wisconsin	46.06	4

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Canada	\$2.42	3
Cuba		1
England	1.00	
Hawaii		2
Ireland		1

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1916, 2,521,259 ft.
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,928,741 ft.
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to Nov. 1, 1916, 739,514 ft.
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 5,260,486 ft.
SEND FOR A VENARD CARD.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMORIAL ASSOCIATES.

Mrs. Maria Doon; John Forrestel;
Mrs. Bridget Taylor.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Ordinary	321
Associate	200

Total	521
-------------	-----

PACKAGES RECEIVED.

Books from Rev. Friend, Md.; white vestments from Rev. Friend, Mass.; clothing from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; lead-foil and cancelled stamps from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; white vestments from St. Peter's Church, Mass.; vestments and brass candelabra from Srs. of Mercy, N. Y.; statue from Srs. of the Good Shepherd, N. Y.; missal, vases, and lace from Notre Dame Convent, Conn.; tinfoil from Eden Hall, Pa.; curios from S. P. F., N. Y.; stationary engine from J. W., Mass.; stereopticon lantern and slides from Friend; jewelry from Mrs. A. W., R. I.; clothing from Mrs. A. R., N. Y.; Roman collars from J. T., R. I.; watch and chain from N. S., Mass.; books from E. H., Ind.; pocket-book (33 cts. enclosed) from Friend; cancelled stamps from Mass., Mich., Mont., N. Y., Pa., and N. S.

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse.....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.....	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Abp. John J. Williams Burse**\$5,276.21

Bishop Doran Memorial Burse 3,531.00

On hand but not operative.

**\$5,000 on hand but not operative.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to anyone address:
10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00
25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

A MODERN MARTYR sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN ALASKA
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)
Price 50 cts. Postage 10 cts. extra.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*3,176.12
St. Joseph Burse	2,283.15
All Souls Burse	2,076.04
St. Teresa Burse	12,041.00
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse	1,980.37
Little Flower Burse (Vénard)	1,895.04
St. Patrick Burse	1,455.45
Holy Ghost Burse	1,233.54
Bl. Th. Vénard Burse (Vénard)	1,172.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,118.79
Father B. Burse	*1,056.00
Pius X. Burse	1,005.00
Precious Blood Burse	868.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	774.76
St. Anthony Burse	704.10
St. Dominic Burse	499.85
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse	497.87
St. Columba Burse	463.50
St. Stephen Burse	346.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse	316.35
Susan Emery Memorial Burse	300.20
Curé of Ars Burse	237.75
St. Lawrence Burse	220.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse	217.51
St. John the Baptist Burse	172.00
St. Boniface Burse	147.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse	116.54
St. Agnes Burse	112.00
C. Burse	100.00
St. Rita Burse	99.25
All Saints Burse	85.95
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	73.50
O. L. of Victory Burse	62.00
Joan of Arc Burse	61.00
Gemma Galgani Burse	30.00
Holy Name Burse	28.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse	22.50
Immaculate Conception Burse	17.00
St. Peter Burse	15.92
St. Paul Burse	11.00
St. Aloysius Burse	8.25

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund*	\$6,000.00
Foreign Mission Educational Fund	3,700.00
Vénard Student Fund	620.60
Bread Fund	152.02

*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

PRIESTLY REMEMBRANCE.

As we look over our monthly list of gifts exceeding fifty dollars, we find that out of ten, six have come from or through priests—one from a bishop who rules a poor diocese. We often say that priests have been our best friends, and when we mentioned it recently to Archbishop Bonzano, His Excellency remarked at once that this was one of the strongest signs that Maryknoll had come to stay.

Through a priest in Hartford, Conn., we have received a legacy of fifty dollars, together with some jewelry, from the estate of Mrs. Bridget Taylor. We have enrolled our benefactress as a *Perpetual Memorial Associate* in this work for souls.

BURSE INTEREST.

A layman in Lowell, Mass., sending a check for ten dollars, writes:

This offering is for the *Archbishop John J. Williams Burse*. Ever since the good priest whose name is unknown, founded it, I have wished that a stream of contributions would make the principal much larger, so that the burse might be a notable tribute to Boston's beloved first archbishop.

In China one of our missionaries is watching the *Burse of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart* and hoping that it 'may soon reach the top rung of the ladder.' He sends us a clipping from the *Irish Catholic*, which describes at some length the origin of devotion to Our Lady under this title and recalls some of the marvelous favors that have been obtained through it.

The *Fr. Chapon Burse* is on the rise. This means little to many of our readers, but it will be gratifying news for the priests who knew and loved the saintly and venerable Sulpician to whose memory the burse is dedicated. In one month recently the figures jumped from \$52 to \$300, and to give an idea of

the spirit which prompted this response, we quote the following extract from a priest's letter:

Here is my loving mite towards the *Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse*. If it were ten thousand times as much, it could never tell of my love and esteem—yes, my veneration—for our saintly old mutual friend, Fr. Chapon. *Requiescat in pace.*

A Franciscan Father interested in the *Curé of Ars Burse*, is distributing burse-cards to honor his patron. He writes that a fine painting of the Blessed Virgin appearing to the Curé is being prepared for the church in which he is stationed and he sends us a clipping which most of our readers have probably not seen:

It will be of pious interest to clients of the venerable Curé of Ars to learn that the spirit of the saintly priest seems to hover protectingly over soldiers of Dombes, the Curé's parish. The men of Ars and the surrounding country have been distributed among many regiments and have fought in many battles, yet so far not one has been killed.

Field Afar Prayer Prints, appropriate for Christmas, are for sale at this office for twenty-five cents the hundred.

A suggestion comes from the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania, urging us to secure a burse from every large Catholic organization, e. g., K. of C., A. O. H., C. T. A. U., K. of St. George, C. M. B. A., L. C. B. A., etc. Our friend's plan would be to have a Maryknoll mite box and perhaps sample copies of *THE FIELD AFAR* in every council-room.

We like the idea and we are grateful for it, but we are not in a position to push it from a centre already at its limit of work. We need in each of these organizations good friends.

KINDLY remember in your prayers the souls of:

Rev. J. M. Corrigan Mrs. M. F. McCarthy
 Rev. Edw. J. McCue Mrs. Thos. Meehan
 Mrs. Catherine Earl George Rieger
 Mrs. D. Giles Louisa Siernard
 Joseph C. Hughes John Tardy

For those who would remember Maryknoll in their wills, we print our legal title:

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

A Few Wants.

WE made a request last year for a second-hand fur coat and our driver has been waiting for it all summer. Now he asks for it again.

We have a bookkeeper who keeps everybody busy. This individual, a Teresian at that, has established for our treasurer a reputation for close margins and cash discounts that makes him feel like a robber whenever he passes through the village.

No one escapes the watchful eye of the *B. K.*, and the *FIELD AFAR* Editor is threatened with the extinction of his paper if he does not publish these lines recently dropped on his desk:

Note. Last month we received only fifty cents for bread. Where is St. Anthony?—B. K.

Give us bread. [Ed.]

All our readers are acquainted with *Brother Hennery*, and they may remember his little assistant, *Brother Chickery*. These two have had enough publicity—at least so thinks *Brother Dunner*, the manager of athletics, who asks us to give space to what follows:

Our wan and sallow (?) huskies are looking for more outside recreations. At present a baseball-diamond, which shines despite the weeds, and a home-made tennis-court afford exercise during the summer months; the autumn scares up a rusty 'pig-skin,' the rest of the time we spend 'talking about it.'

Now what we're after is a double-alley handball-court. Not much, is it? To some of the 'good sports' among our benefactors we offer the privilege of putting this additional 'pep' into our recreations. Handball is advised by a" doctors.

Yours truly,
 BROTHER DUNNER.

A Circle Page.



MARYKNOLL circle is made up of a group of persons, not less than three nor more than twenty-five, who are actively interested in the work for which Maryknoll stands. We are preparing for these circles a special enrollment card. One will be given to each active member (or promoter), who will also receive individual leaflets to be used as receipts for the offerings of contributing members.

The active members of a circle usually have twelve meetings a year, five before Christmas, five before Easter, and two after Easter. These meetings, according to the Maryknoll program, should not be long. They are occupied with reports of progress and some readings or communications from the centre.

The circles, unless included in parish activities, are limited to members of a family or to friends, who should not make any form of appeal to strangers without the approval of the local clergy. To do so would be to cross lines with home needs and to injure rather than help the foreign mission cause, which seeks the crumbs, not the substance, of Catholic charity.

Readers interested in forming circles for 1916-17 will please address:

*The Circle Director,
Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.*

The *Catholic Women's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions*, organized two years ago in New York City, resumed its meetings for the season of 1916-17 on the last Friday of October, at the Sacred Heart Convent on Madison Ave. The Auxiliary is under the presidency of Mrs. Ada Mary Livingston and Mrs. Henry W. Taft serves as secretary.

The Maryknoll superior attended the opening meeting and

one of the Seminary directors will address each of the others, which, through the courtesy of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, will habitually close with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The final meeting of the season will be held as usual at Maryknoll.



We have heard a remark worth recording: "My brother always gives me something nice for Christmas. I will ask him to let his gift to me be in the form of a donation to the missions." May the brother's purse be full to overflowing this year! And may many young women similarly situated thus practically make the mission cause their own!

"Dollar to Dollar."—A dollar for the missions to every dollar for pleasures.

A subscription to THE FIELD AFAR makes a very acceptable Christmas gift.

The Pittsburgh circles are extending the suggestion that if any one finds the "Christmas Gift Mite Box" too small, he may accumulate his offering in a larger box without hurting the feelings of the circle members. There had to be a limit to the size of the box in order to make it mailable; but there is hardly a limit to the missions' needs, nor to the opportunity of our Catholic people for service if they respond to the invitation to make Christmas Day Mission Day.

The playlet *Grandmother's Christmas*, prepared by Fr. James R. Cox, of Pittsburgh, has met with much favorable comment. It has been printed in leaflet form and will be mailed to any one upon request. Indications are that this playlet will be produced in many places during the holiday season. It presents a very pretty picture of domestic happiness at Christmas time, into which broader interests and the world-wide mission spirit

are attractively introduced. We are grateful that the picture of domestic happiness and prosperity is true to the life of our American people this year. We are prayerful that the world-wide mission spirit may also be realized this year among us. If it is not, we shall have made a poor return to Mother Church in her hour of need.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have a big piece of work to be done and we need the help of our Catholic boys and girls. Children, we want you to see to it that the Christ Child gets His share of the 1916 Christmas gifts. We ask you to hang up a stocking for Him—along with your own Christmas stockings—a little red stocking which your mother will make for you, with a tiny white card attached, bearing the words: "Christmas Gift to the Christ Child for His Missions."

Show this stocking to your father and mother on Christmas Eve, and we know you will all be ready to say to them that whatever gifts you yourselves receive, you want His to be greater than yours. Then on Christmas Day, when small folk and big folk are coming in to see you, keep the little red stocking on the front of the Christmas tree, to recall to the visitors the thought of the dear Lord Who became a tiny Baby so that all men might know and love Him. Remind the guests that since not nearly all mankind know of Christ as yet, we have not given the Christ Child what He desires. Tell them that Christ left to His Church the work of carrying the true faith throughout the world; that the Church does this work through her missions; that the missions must be supported by the Catholic people; that, since Europe is at war, practically the only Catholic people in the world who have any means to support the missions this year are the Americans; that unless the American people give more, the mission work of the Church will not be done and countless thousands of heathen will live and die without the Sacraments, without being able to hear Mass, without knowing how to say the sweet Name of Jesus. Remind them of all this and ask them to fill your little red stocking.—*Maria Mission Circles.*

Perhaps you are in a position to enroll your dead on the list of our Perpetual Memorial Associates. See page 161.

